

A BRIEF

# MEMOIR

of the

Life and Death

MR. C. <sup>Christoper</sup> HOPPER,

WHO

Departed this Life on Friday March 5th 1802,

In the 80th Year of his Age.

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He being dead yet speaketh.....PAUL.

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Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.....yea saith the Spirit,  
for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.

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A decorative banner with ornate scrollwork and floral patterns, featuring the word "PREFACE." in a serif font.

ON Thursday February 25th, I went to Bolton to see Mr. Hopper; when I entered the room he was in a doze, but as soon as he awoke, he gave me his hand, and with sensible emotion and great affection said, "O my dear friend, how glad I am to see you.—Providence has sent you—you and I have often met; and this will be our *last* meeting on earth—But we shall meet in our Father's house above."

He then desired his niece to bring him his own drawer—which she did. He took from thence several papers, and after looking at them for some time, he said, "I commit these papers to you: here is an account of my poor, insignificant life and labours—and a sermon I preached on the only foundation God has laid in Zion, for poor sinners to build their hopes of salvation upon. On this foundation all my hopes are founded *now—and it does support me!* I have not a doubt, no not the shadow of a doubt: and as for the Enemy I know not what is become of him—I have neither seen him, nor heard of him for some time—I think he has quit the field." He then put the papers into my hand, and said, "If you think they will be any use to the church and the world, take them, make them your own, revise, make what alterations you please, and send them forth in the name of the Lord."



I once thought of publishing this Memoir in the *Appendix* to the METHODIST MEMORIAL (which is now in the press;) but on mature consideration I conceived that as Mr. Hopper was universally respected by a large body of people in the religious world, it would be more acceptable, within the reach of the bulk of that people, and consequently of more general use, if published in a small pamphlet. I once also purposed to have published it in a different *dress*; but this likewise I declined, presuming that it would be more pleasing to many of his friends to have it *in his own language*. All the liberty therefore which I have taken, has been to omit part of the M. S. and in a few instances to change a word for one more proper. May the Lord vouchsafe his blessing to all who peruse this Memoir, and may we follow Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER as he followed the Lord Jesus Christ!

*Manchester*

*March 15th. 1802.*

CHARLES ATMORE.

P. S. The first part of this Memoir was published in the Methodist Magazine for the year 1781; but after an elapse of *twenty-one years*, that Magazine at present, is in the hands of but very few of Mr. Hopper's numerous friends.



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## A Brief Memoir

### MR. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

I Was born at *Low-Coalburne*, in the parish of *Ryton*, in the county of *Durham*, on the 25th of December 1722. *Moses Hopper*, my Father, was a farmer; my Mother, whose name was *Ann*, was Daughter to *George Barkiss*, farmer, in the same county. They were both of good repute, and much attached to the Church of England; but strangers to vital religion.

My Mother had nine children, six sons and three daughters, of whom I was the youngest. When I was about five years old, I was sent to school to one Mr. *Alderson*, a man of piety and good understanding, who taught those under his care, not only the branches of learning he professed, but the fear of God and the first principles of religion. He catechised us twice every week, and made us attend the Church every Lord's-day, and all holy-days appointed for publick service. After I had learned to read, write, and understand a little of the Mathematics, I lost my beloved Master, who made a most awful exit. He had been, as I thought, more devout one week than common. The Sabbath following, he received the Sacrament at *Ryton Church*: some days after, a few Gentlemen with fair words persuaded him to play a civil game at cards: but afterwards he fell into great distress of mind, and could not properly attend his school, which was often left to the care of his eldest son and

me. The spring following, after many sore conflicts, he sunk into deep despair, and then drowned himself.

This melancholy event made my heart tremble, and was a means of bringing some serious thoughts into my mind about *heaven, hell, death, and judgment*. I began to distinguish between vice and virtue, the godly and ungodly men. These impressions remained, till I took a severe illness which continued near two years, and reduced me to a mere skeleton. Mr. Foster, an eminent Apothecary, who attended me, pronounced me incurable.

This alarmed me, and filled my heart with slavish fear. I judged it was high time to prepare for a future state; and according to the light I had, begun the business without delay. I read my bible with much pleasure, prayer, and attention; the more I read it, the more I loved it. Many verses, and some favourite chapters which I understood best, made such a deep impression upon me, that I soon had them by heart. The Practice of Piety, a Form of Prayers, and a Psalm-Book, were my library. I prayed and sung with fear, and some degree of joy. I had very slight notions of my depraved nature, and the sin of unbelief; but clear views of my actual transgressions. I had been addicted to swear when I was put out of humour; and to lie when I could gain any thing by it, or cover or excuse a fault. I had been apt to pilfer among the children when I could do it with a good grace.

I was very proud, and prone to anger; yea, of a cruel disposition. I took a diabolical pleasure in hanging dogs, worrying cats, and killing birds and insects, mangling and cutting them to pieces. One instance of my inhumanity I perfectly remember to this day. One evening as I was returning from school, with some of my friendly associates, we found a great number of frogs collected together in a marshy place: we proclaimed war against them: we armed ourselves with stones, and with all the fury of little fiends, murdered the poor, innocent, defenceless creatures. We then left the field in great



triumph. But God soon requited me. That night I dreamt I fell into a deep place full of frogs, and they seized on me from head to foot, and begun to eat the flesh off my bones. I was in great terror, and found exquisite pain until I awoke, sweating, and trembling, and half dead with fear.

About this time my dear Father died of a Consumption : I hope a true penitent. He was interred at *Ryton* church, with great solemnity, among his ancestors. I was then left to the care of my indulgent Mother and Brethren. Soon after my Father's death, my eldest Brother married, and they divided my Father's farm, and the goods and chattels he left, amongst them ; but I was neglected and overlooked like one that did not belong to the family ; but *this* did not give me the least *concern*. My disorder still continued, with my convictions. I prayed, wept, and looked towards the Hill of Sion. I found comfort, and a good hope through grace. I waited every day for my final dissolution, and longed to be with Christ. I loved God, the Redeemer, and all mankind. I was happy. After some time it pleased God to restore me to perfect health, beyond all human expectation. After my recovery, my mind was quickly drawn after the world again. I saw transitory objects in another point of view, than I had done during the time of my illness. My love to God and religion, and my desires after another world, soon grew very cold. I quenched the holy Spirit, who departed and left me again to the folly of my own heart.

As I was the youngest child of the family, and had nothing left me, I judged it would be proper to think of some business to procure bread. And my Mother and Brother being willing to put me to the *grammar-school*, and give me a good *education*, I accepted the offer, and concluded it was the best thing I could do : but in the interim, one Mr. *Armstrong*, a shopkeeper, wanted a boy, and sent for me. I embraced the opportunity, and prepared to go without delay. I thought I should escape the wearisome task of study, having nothing to do but



to improve the learning I had already, to qualify me for a merchant's apprentice. My Mother accompanied me to Mr. *Armstrong's*, and put me in possession of my new place. I went with great pleasure; and met with a kind reception. After I had been some time on trial, I was to be bound by indenture for seven years. This put my youthful mind into a new chain of reasoning. I thought I would never be bound to stand so long behind a counter; therefore in spite of all persuasion, I left my place and returned home.

After this, a project entered into my head, that I would be a Musician. I told my Brother. He approved of it, bought me a violin, and provided me a master. I begun with great assiduity, and concluded I had found the very thing that would make me happy. I played away all my convictions, lost my taste for spiritual things, and banished all thoughts of a future world. I now employed myself in doing some little things in the house and about the farm; and all the time I had to spare, I spent in playing, singing, dancing, fishing, fowling, and whatever came next to my hand. I was then between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and begun to think of some employment whereby I might have money to support my foolish desires. My Brother kept waggon-horses. When the waggon-ways were first framed between the new coal-mines and the river *Tyne*, the farmers were under an obligation to their landlords to employ a certain number of horses for that purpose. I was a strong, active young man, and thought I could manage a waggon very well. My Brother was willing I should make the trial, and gave me a proper horse for that service. I soon made a great proficiency in this, slavish, and dangerous occupation; and I was hugely pleased with my new department. Novelty pleases, whether the man sits on a *throne* or a *dunghill*. I frequently boasted of my strength, agility, and skill in this sphere of action, and thought I was arrived at the summit of my preferment: I found it a singular pleasure in whatever company I was, to talk of feeding and guiding waggon-

horses, of waggons and waggon-ways, the nature and value of coals; and concluded I only wanted a little money to make me a Fitter, or a London Crimp. My vain mind was as much taken up with those things, as the *Mathematicians* with their abstruse Science, or the *Philosophers* with the Wonders of Nature. I followed this business, and the various branches of agriculture for about five years. During this period of my life, I was given up to folly. I greedily pursued, according to my ability, all the pleasures of the world. I spent nights and days together in hunting, cocking, card-playing, horse-races, or whatever the Devil brought to town or country. And, O grief of heart! *Gentlemen, Clergymen, Mechanics, and Peasants*, made up the crowd! But in the enjoyment of these poor toys, I had many severe checks, and sorrowful moments. The universe appeared as a vault, wherein true comfort was entombed; and the Sun himself as a lamp to shew the gloomy horrors of a guilty mind. I often said in my cool intervals, Hath the great God of Love provided no better things than these for his reasonable creatures? Now at this time I was my own *master*, and lived without control. I followed my former pleasures, but with a trembling hand. I found Satan's service perfect drudgery, and all earthly objects empty and vain.

In this dull, melancholy round, I dragged on for some time, without any real comfort or solid satisfaction. I was not happy, yet I believed there was something that could make me so, but I knew not what it was, or where to find it. Sometimes I reflected on what I felt in my affliction, when I was a youth; but it appeared as a dream. I was frequently in great and imminent danger. But through the interposition of a kind, unerring Providence, I escaped ten thousand snares and deaths, by night and day, at home and abroad. One evening in particular, two of my companions and I were riding home in a waggon very jovially, and as we were passing over a very high battery, the horse started suddenly to one side, and snatched the waggon from the planks: im-



mediately it overset, and turned over and over to the bottom of the hill. The trembling spectators who beheld this awful event, concluded with shrieks and cries, "They are all killed; their bones are broken in a thousand pieces." But to their great astonishment, and our unspeakable comfort, we were very little hurt.

After I had recovered my reason, and found I was alive and out of hell, my stubborn heart yielded to my almighty Deliverer. I feared his great name, wept for joy, and was overwhelmed with grief for my folly. This deliverance wrought a deep conviction in my heart. The true light shined on my dark soul, and God laid me in the dust. I only wanted a spiritual Guide to shew me the way, but alas! I could not find him in the country.

In May 1742, we heard a strange report of one *Wesley*, a Church Clergyman that had been at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, and had preached in *Sandgate* to many thousands, who heard him with astonishment. This new thing made a huge noise. The populace entertained various conjectures about him; but few, if any, could tell the motive on which he came, or the end he had in view. He made a short blaze, soon disappeared, and left us in a great consternation. Some time after, his Brother *Charles* came and preached at *Tanfield-Cross*. I ran with the multitude to hear this strange Preacher. When I saw a man in a Clergyman's habit, preaching at a public Cross to a large auditory, some gaping, some laughing, and some weeping, I wondered what this could mean. When he had concluded, some said, He is a good man, and is sent to reform our land: others said, nay, He is come to prevert and deceive us, and we ought to stone him out of our coasts. I said, if he is a good man, good will be done, and it is plain we want a reformation; but if he is an impostor, he can only leave us as he found us; that is, without hope and without God in the world. I cannot tell what induced me to go so far, but I found I was in danger of being called a Methodist, and was

glad to dismiss the conversation with a smile, and a piece of drollery.

In November, Mr. *Wesley* returned to *Newcastle*, formed a religious Society, and laid the foundation of the Orphan-house. At the same time he visited *Tanfield-Leigh*, *Wickham*, *Swalwell*, and *Horseley*. His name was then well known in town and country.

All mouths were filled with *Wesley* and his followers: some for, and many against them. I knew very little of the matter, but thought it was most prudent to join the general voice against this new way.

The spring following, 1743, *John Brown*, a plain farmer, removed from *Tanfield-Leigh* to the *Low-Spenn*, and invited Mr. *Wesley* to his house. I then heard occasionally those Preachers, who I thought could tell their story well, without stammering: but still found much fault with this strange method of proceeding. At this time there was a great clamour about religion, among all Sects and Parties, and I made a bustle among the rest. I said, I will read my Bible, say my Prayers, go to my own Parish-Church, reform my Life, and be good and pious, without the scandal of the Cross. Alas! I did not consider, "No Cross, no Crown."

I hobbled on in this lame, ignorant manner, till at last I became deeply serious. I saw there was more in Religion than I enjoyed or understood. I saw that God had been striving with me from my infant-days. I looked back with astonishment on his loud calls, compassionate helps, tender mercies, and great deliverances. He had raised me from the gates of death, when all human help failed. He had saved me from perils and dangers by night and by day. He had richly provided for me, when I was left to myself very young. A sight of these favours raised in my cold heart some sensations of gratitude to my bountiful benefactor. I said in my heart, Shall I still trifle with the almighty God of heaven and earth? Shall I fly in the face of my infinite Creator? Shall I play with eternal things? Will God always strive with the ch.



dren of men? My few days are passing away like a shadow: pale Death is approaching; the Judge is standing at the door; Eternity, eternity, is come! Alas! I am not ready. I am in my sins—unholy, unhappy, and therefore not prepared to die.

I will now cry to God for mercy.—He willeth not the death of a sinner. It is his pleasure to save me from sin and the punishment due to it. He waits to be gracious, that his great name may be exalted. “He is good to all, and his mercy is over all his works.” I am a monument of his sparing goodness, I will therefore look up and hope in his word. Behold, this is the accepted time; behold, this is the day of salvation. God hath sent his Servants to shew poor sinners the way of life. I was then determined to hear and judge for myself. God had now prepared my heart for the reception of the truth. I said, I will no longer be led by the laughing multitude, nor be deluded with the noise of vain tongues.

The Sabbath-day following, Mr. *Reeves* preached at the *Low-Spenn*, at one o'clock in the afternoon. I heard him with great attention, but found a veil on my heart. I did not clearly see God's method of justifying a guilty sinner, through faith in the blood of his Son.

In the evening he preached again on these words, *And now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love.* In his plain, pathetic manner he gave us a definition of these principal graces, with their inseparable *concomitants*, and shewed the unspeakable happiness of all those who had a saving *faith*, a good *hope*, and the *love* of God. The word came home to my heart with energy. The veil was removed. The true light shined upon me, and I said, Alas, I am undone! If these things are true, and doubtless they are, I have only the faith of a devil, the hope of a hypocrite, and the love of this present evil world. My mouth was stopped.—I stood guilty before God.—My discovered to me the blessed plan of man's redemption, through the blood of a crucified Saviour. I saw God

had fulfilled his great original promise. He sent his Son to save sinners, the chief of sinners. He lived, suffered, and died for a lost World. *He tasted death for every man. He gave himself a ransom for all.* I said in my trouble, the good Shepherd came from heaven to earth, to seek and save that which was lost, to bring again that which was driven away, to bind up that which was broken, and to strengthen that which was sick. But I am lost, I am driven to the mouth of hell, ready to drop into the flames; I am broken to pieces; I am sick of sin, sick of myself, and sick of a vain world: I will therefore look unto the Lord; *my God will hear me.* He hath died for me. I shall, yea, doubtless, I shall obtain mercy after all I have done. The God of truth hath promised mercy; the Son of his Love hath procured mercy; the Spirit of Truth is ready to reveal mercy; and the Messengers of Peace are come to proclaim mercy, free mercy, to every perishing sinner, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant! I said, I can, I will, I do believe in the only true God, and in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. I am freely justified. I am saved through faith in the blood of the Lamb. God is now my God in Christ. The love of God is shed abroad in my heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto me. The Spirit of Bondage is gone. The Spirit of Adoption is come. I can now cry, Abba, Father. The same Spirit beareth witness with my Spirit, that I am a Child of God. No enmity—No wrath—No curse—No condemnation—The ruined sinner is saved. I then found a glorious and undeniable change. God, Christ, Angels, Men, Heaven, Earth, and the whole Creation appeared to me in a new light, and stood related to me in a manner I never knew before. I found love to my God, to his yoke, to his cross, to his saints, and to his friends and enemies. I said, This is Bible Religion, scriptural Christianity, let men call it what they please: a Delusion, Enthusiasm, Methodism, or Mahometanism, that is nothing to me: hard names do not change the nature of the thing. I



then went on my way rejoicing; a wonder to my Father's family; to all that knew me; and to myself. All my idols fell to the ground, before the ark of God. I found a perfect hatred to sin, and a complete victory over it.

The whole tenor of my life and conversation was new. *Free grace, infinite mercy, boundless love*, made the change. My heart, my tongue, my hands, were now, in my little way, employed for my loving God. I was no longer of the world, therefore the world began immediately to hate me.—Some said, ah! what think you! *Christopher Hopper* is converted! Others said, He hath received the Holy Ghost! Others said, He is mad, keep far from him, come not near his habitation. Some of a more compassionate turn, pitied me: but all agreed I had renounced my Baptism, left the Church, and was in a dangerous situation.

Soon after, Mr. *Wesley* came to *Low-Spenn*, formed a little Society, and made me a Leader, to help and watch over them. I was but a novice, a young raw disciple, unskilled in the Word of Righteousness: but faith in Christ, and the love of God in my heart, overcame all the powers of darkness. I found unspeakable pleasure in doing and suffering the will of God. I laboured diligently with my hands: I owed no man any thing: I had enough for myself, and a little to spare for others. I attended four or five meetings every week: we prayed, sung psalms and hymns, read the Bible, and exhorted one another to fear and love God. The power of the Lord was present to heal: he owned his own work, and gave us prosperity. Many of my old companions were awakened; also my poor old Mother, one of my Sisters, and one of my Brothers, who had been a champion in the devil's cause, but has been an ornament to religion from that time to this day.\* The fire now kindled and the flame spread, I had one invitation after another, to *High-Spenn*, *Barlow*, *Woodside*, *Predhoe*, *Newlands*, *Blanchland*, *Durham*, *Sunderland*, and many other places.

\* He died in the Lord a few years ago.

As yet, I had not examined my Call to preach the Gospel, nor considered the consequences of such an undertaking. I was sweetly carried on with a strong, prevailing influence, and a loving desire to promote the glory of God. I saw the world dead in trespasses and sins, void of light, holiness, and happiness. I therefore thirsted after their salvation, and thought it my duty to promote it. God blessed his word. Sinners were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. But the devil was highly displeased; he saw his kingdom was in danger, and immediately proclaimed war against me.

I met with great persecution, many discouragements, and much opposition, in every place. Men of all ranks used their power and influence, to stop this blessed work of God. They spoke all manner of evil against the Work, and the Instruments employed therein. They dispensed with two or three awakened Clergymen, tolerably well. These were regularly ordained, Men of Learning, Gentlemen, and Divines: but to see a Plowman, or an honest Mechanic stand up to preach the Gospel, it was insufferable. Hell was moved from beneath; a council was called; the edict came forth, and war commenced!

Laymen and Ecclesiastics joined heart and hand, to suppress these pestilent Fellows: not with acts of kindness, scripture, or reason: but invectives and lies, dirt, rotten eggs, brick-bats, stones, and cudgels: these were Satan's arguments in vindication of his own cause. It was the common cry in town and country, "Press them for soldiers; send them on board a man of war; transport them; beat them; stone them; send them to prison, or knock out their brains, and dispatch them at once, *'for there is no law for them.'*"

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\* This was a great mistake. There was law for us; but we could not find a Magistrate who had courage or honesty enough to put it in force.



Several of my fellow-sufferers had shared honest *John Nelson's* fate already, and I expected to be the next: they had their eyes on me: they daily pursued me as *Saul* did *David*: they waited for an opportunity to seize on the prey, but the hand of the Lord was with me, so I escaped! He delivered me by various means, at sundry times, and often in a very remarkable manner.

Once in particular, as I was preaching at *Wickham*, to a quiet, attentive congregation, the Constable came with his attendants, to apprehend me; they guarded the door, and stood with fierce impatience to seize me. When I had concluded, I stepped down, went through the midst of them, was conveyed through a window, and went quietly home, leaving the peace-officer and his gentlemen, to end the dispute with loud words, hard blows, and bloody faces!

When I first set out to do all the good I could, without fee or reward, I did not foresee this violent storm. I begun now to consider what latitude I was in, and whether it would not be a point of wisdom, to tack about, and steer for some quiet harbour.

There had been many things said and wrote against this *New Way*; especially, against those illiterate Preachers who so exceedingly disturbed the world. I found some doubts concerning my Call to the Work, and almost wished they might be well grounded, that I might, with a good conscience, desist from preaching.

I was therefore determined to examine myself, whether I had a right to preach: or whether I had rashly entered into a work that did not belong to me. One evening I went into a wood, by the side of *Darwent-Water*, much dejected. Clouds and darkness surrounded me, and my spirit was troubled within me: I said, my enemies are too strong for me; there are few on the Lord's side, but myriads against him: what shall I do? Alas! *My family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my Father's house.* I am a worm and no man. O my God! let me

enjoy this sweet solitude, and see my friends and companions no more ! Let me live as a hermit in this lonely desert, till my few days are ended; then shall my weary spirit be at rest.

I did not want ease, wealth, or honour; but to know, do, and suffer the will of my Lord and Master. I thought, If I have made a mistake, God will forgive me, and I will take shame to myself: I will desist from preaching, and live and die a private Christian. But if God hath called me to publish the gospel of his dear Son, I must bear a public testimony, and leave the event to him.

In the midst of these reflections, it occurred to my mind, what evidence is sufficient to satisfy me in this weighty matter? I only want a rational, scriptural evidence. Let me then enquire with prayer and fasting, what reason have I to believe that I am called to preach the gospel?

1. † I have heard and believed the gospel, and found it to be the power of God to the salvation of my own soul: and I believe it to be the powerful means which God hath appointed to reclaim, and save lost sinners. 2. † I believe all power is given to Jesus Christ in heaven and in earth, therefore he alone hath power and authority to call, qualify, and thrust out Labourers into his own harvest. Hence I learn, that this power cannot be acquired by human art or learning, or § purchased with gold or silver. 3. || I believe, those who are called, and put into this work by *him*, shall turn sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. 4. I have a rational conviction \* that God hath committed unto me the Word of Reconciliation: † I have this treasure in an earthen vessel, in a feeble, mortal body; that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not

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† Rom, i, 16 † Mat. xxviii. 18. § Acts viii. 20. || Acts, xxvi, 18,  
\* 2 Cor. v, 8. † iv, 7.



of man. I find by daily experience, *† we are not sufficient of ourselves, to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God.* 5. According to this conviction, I have preached the gospel to sinners, dead in sin, and they have been awakened and converted to God. Children of the Devil are become children of God, and heirs of eternal life.

Having considered these things, I concluded, my Call to preach the Gospel was consistent with scripture, reason, and experience. I was filled with joy: I said, “ I have now the countenance of my God; the hands of his dear Son, the Bishop of my soul, laid upon me; the approbation of three Presbyters sent by him; the prayers of his dear people; the testimony of a good conscience, and the pleasure of seeing Sion prosper. I therefore pray earnestly that God may incline, persuade, and sweetly influence my heart, and open my mouth by his holy Spirit, to dispense the word of truth to a world of perishing sinners. This I desire to do continually, in season and out of season, according to the ability he hath given me.” My drooping spirit now revived. The fear of men and devils departed from me, and I set out with double courage. I could say, *Jehovah is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? Jehovah is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?* Then the word of the Lord came unto me saying, *Cry aloud and spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.* My heart replied, *For Sion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake, I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.* The Lord was with me night and day; his threatnings passed over me; his promises comforted me; and his precepts were my delight. I could say,

To me, with thy dear Name is given,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

In the year 1744, I taught a school at *Barlow*, in the parish of *Ryton*. My time was employed six days in teaching the children under my care, the branches of learning I professed, and the first principles of Christianity.

I spent every Sabbath, and all my vacant hours, in preaching, reading, praying, visiting the sick, and conversing with all that Providence put in my way. God was with me, and blessed my weak labours. Sinners were converted, believers multiplied, and my soul rejoiced in God my Saviour.

But Satan did not like this work: therefore he stirred up the Rector of *Ryton* and his Curate, with those under their influence, to prevent me. They gave me first hard words, and then hard blows.

In a little time I was summoned to appear in the Spiritual Court at *Durham*, to answer for my conduct. I did not know what I had done. But was soon informed, that I was impeached for teaching a school without licence; and what was still worse, for calling sinners to repentance, and warning the wicked to flee from the wrath to come: [an offence that cannot be overlooked by men who know not God!] but God raised me up friends, who stood by me, and defended my cause against all my adversaries.

After this troublesome affair was ended, I met with a trial of another kind. Before I was awakened, I was deeply in love with one *Jane Richardson*, a farmer's daughter, and an agreeable young woman. She was my first love: and had laid fast hold on my youthful heart. She had every accomplishment I wanted, but religion! Alas! She was unacquainted with God. This was a bar with her; but was afraid she could not bear it. I was greatly troubled, and prayed for divine direction. God was pleased to hear, and grant my request. She was soon awakened, and found peace with God. All objections being removed, on May the 28th, 1745, we were joined together in *Ryton Church*. She was a loving wife,



a faithful friend, and a very agreeable companion. She made my joys and sorrows her own. We worshipped God in spirit and truth, and rejoiced in the Son of his love.

The same evening I preached at the *Low Spenn*. The Lord was with us, and we praised his name together. We lived a few months with my wife's friends at the *Smeals* near *Darwent*, in a most loving, agreeable manner. God made us of one heart and mind, and united our souls together, by one spirit, in humble love.

In the year 1746, I removed from *Barlow*, to the Preaching-House at *Sheephill*. I received the Preachers, and my other religious Friends, with much pleasure. My heart was open; my door was open; and my little table free for strangers. I gave up my soul, body, and substance to my adorable Saviour, and grieved I had no more to give.

I commonly preached, or met a Class every evening, after I had dismissed my scholars. I preached twice or thrice, and often four times every Sabbath-day. When I had a day or two to spare from my present vocation, I visited *Newcastle*, *Sunderland*, *Durham*, and many other Towns and Villages, ten, twenty, or thirty miles round. Herein I met with much opposition, and was frequently in great jeopardy. Indeed I did not much regard a little dirt, a few rotten eggs, the sound of a cow's horn, the noise of bells, or a few snow balls in their season: but sometimes I was saluted with blows, stones, brick-bats and bludgeons. These I did not well like; they were not pleasing to flesh and blood.

I sometimes lost a little skin, and once † a little blood, which was drawn from my forehead with a sharp stone. I wore a patch a few days, and was not ashamed: I gloried in the Cross. And when my small sufferings abounded for the sake of Christ, my comfort abounded much.

† It was at *Sunderland*, in the midst of an outrageous mob of Sailors.

more. I never was more happy in my own soul, or more blessed in my labours.

The latter end of July, 1747, I had a Call to visit *Cornwood*, and met with a kind reception. I preached several times among the people called Quakers; I hope good was done.

On my return, I had an invitation to preach at *Allendale-Town*. A great congregation attended, who behaved well, and heard the word gladly. The latter end of December, I visited *Allendale* again. A glorious work broke out. The Lord stretched out his hand to save sinners. Mr. *Topping*, Minister of that place, used all his art, power, and influence, to stop it: but he could do nothing: his strength was perfect weakness against the Lord.

I went from town to town, and from house to house, singing, praying, and preaching the word, and great multitudes followed from place to place, weeping and seeking him that was crucified. Great numbers were awakened, and found peace with God, through the Blood of the Lamb. I have frequently seen a whole congregation melted into tears, and bowed down before the Lord, as the heart of one man: especially once, when I was preaching in Mr. *Lowe's* old Barn, at *Dod-Bank*, the Lord manifested his great power. He wrought for the glory of his own Name, and I stood still, and looked on, with loving fear, and wonder.

In the year 1748, I gave up my School at *Sheephill*, and every thing that was comfortable and convenient, and removed to *Hindley-hill*, in *Allendale*. I lodged with honest *James Broadwood*, and was as one of his family. The presence of the Lord dwelt in his house, and we lived in peace and unity. I formed a Society at *Hindley-hill*, another at *Westallen*; one at *Alesdon*, and one at *Ninthead*: the Lord was among them of a truth. I had now work enough, and God's blessing on my labour.



In the latter end of this year I visited *Weardale*. Some of the Brethren attended me from *Allendale*.

It was in a storm of snow that we crossed the *Quagmires*, and enormous *Mountains*. When we came into the *Dales*, we met with a very cold reception. The Enemy had barricaded the place, and made his bulwarks strong. But the Lord made way for his truth. He opened the heart of a poor Scotch shepherd to receive us into his little thatched cabin, where we lodged all night.

The next day I preached under the walls of an old castle. A few children, and two or three old women attended, who looked hard at us. When I had done, we followed them into their houses, and talked freely to them in their own language, about the kingdom of God. They heard and obeyed the gospel. The next evening, I had a large congregation who heard with much attention, and received the word gladly. Some time after, I preached in private houses, ale-houses, cock-pits, or wherever I could find a door open. The fire then spread from heart to heart, and God was glorified.

This was the beginning of a good work in *Weardale*, which has continued, and increased to this day.

The spring following, in the year 1749, I begun teaching a school, near *Hindleyhill*. But the work of God so increased in my hands, that I could not properly attend it; therefore, in the latter end of the year, I gave it up, with all other secular employments, and cast myself on the bounty of my Lord and Master.

My little substance soon failed, and I saw nothing before me but beggary, and great afflictions. Sometimes I was carried above all earthly objects, and had a comfortable view of the heavenly country. At other times I was much depressed, and could see nothing but poverty and distress.

I well remember, once on the top of a cold mountain, in a violent storm of snow, when the congealed flakes covered me with a white mantle, Satan assaulted me, and pushed me hard to return to my school, or

some other business to procure bread. I staggered through unbelief, and almost yielded to the Tempter.

But as the attack was sudden, so the battle was soon over. The Lord sent these words to my heart like lightning. *When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, nothing, Lord, Luke xxii. 35.* I answered with a loud voice, "Nothing, Lord, nothing, Lord:" all my doubts and fears vanished in a moment, and I went on my way rejoicing!

Constrained to cry by love divine,  
My God, thou art for ever mine!

Since that time I have been richly supplied with all good things. This day I am full. I have all, and abound; praise God, and the Lamb for ever!

The work now begun to spread in the *Dales*, *Hexhamshire*, *North-Tyne*, and soon reached *Whitehaven*.

And now God raised up many Preachers: men eminent both for gifts and graces. Some of them continue local, and some are itinerant Preachers to this day. The latter end of the year† 1749, I left the *Dales*, and the dear children God had given me. I rode to the *Smeals*, where I parted with my dear wife and friends, with melting hearts and many tears.

In those days we had no provision made for *Preacher's Wives*, no *Funds*, no *Stewards*. He that had a staff, might take it, go without, or stay at home.

I then set out for *Bristol*. I called at *Chester*, *Durham*, *Stockton*, *Thirsk*, and *Knaresborough*, and found the Lord in every place. I spent a few days at *Leeds*. Here God opened my mouth to speak his word, and I hope good was done.

I preached at *Birstall*, on the top of the hill, before the foundation of the Preaching-house was laid. Large congregations attended, and the power of the Lord

† From this Period, I shall only give a short Sketch of my Travels, and now and then mention a small Incident.



was present to heal. I rode on to *Halifax* and found their little Society at *Skircoat-Green*. God gave us a blessing. I then rode to *Rochdale* and preached in the evening, at the widow *Whittaker's*, to as many as the house could contain. They were turbulent enough, but we were not afraid ; for God was with us. Next day I rode to *Manchester*, and preached that evening in a little garret by the river side.† The congregation multiplied every meeting. On the sabbath-day, the old place would not contain them. The multitude was impatient to hear. The old wooden house shook under us, and put the congregation in confusion. Many trembled, and some believed. The next evening they procured me a Baptist Meeting-house. The place was crowded. They heard with attention. Many were awakened, and joined themselves to seek and worship God. They immediately bought a piece of ground, and laid the foundation of their first Preaching-house. I rode through *Cheshire*, and joined a Society at *Alphraham*, and another at *Pool*. It was an humbling time among the opulent Farmers: The Murrain raging amongst their cattle. They buried them in the open fields. Their graves were a solemn scene. The hand of the Lord was on the land. I visited the suburbs of *Chester*. God begun a good work then, which has increased and continued to this day. I preached at *Birmingham*, *Evesham*, *Stroud*, and *Kingswood*, and then rode to *Bristol*, where I spent a few days ; and I hope not in vain.

March 20, 1750, I set out with Mr. *Wesley*, for *Ireland*. We crossed the New Passage into *Wales*, and reached *Cardiff* before night.

21. We rode to *Brecknock* through heavy rain. Mr. *Wesley's* mare fell twice, and threw him over her head, but without any hurt to man or beast.

22. We rode to *Builth*. A congregation waited for *Howell Harris*, but he did not come at the time ap-

† What has God wrought in *Manchester* since that day ! The little one is become a thousand !

pointed; so at their request, Mr. *Wesley* preached. I then spoke a few words. It was a time of love. The Welsh brethren rejoiced in the Lord. We then rode to *Machynleth*, and then to *Dolgelly*, wet and weary enough.

24. We rode to *Dannabull*. It rained incessantly all the way. Our horses were tired, and we were ready to faint, but God was our strength, and we rejoiced in our little toil.

25. We rode to *Baldon-Ferry*. Mr. *Jenkin Morgan* came to the water side, crossed over with us into the Isle of *Anglesey*, and then conducted us to his house, half-way between the *Ferry* and *Holy-Head*.

Sunday 26, Mr. *Wesley* preached at *Howell Thomas'*, in *Trefollwin* parish. In the afternoon at *William Pritchard's*. The people understood no English, but their looks, sighs, and gestures shewed, God was speaking to their hearts!

We then went to lodge with one Mr. *Holiday*, an Exciseman, who lived in a quiet, solitary place, where no human voice was heard, but those of the family.

Wednesday 29, We rode to *Holy-Head*, and sent back our horses with *John Jane*, who had travelled from *Bristol* to the *Head*, with three shillings, and had one penny left. About eleven o'clock we went on board. As soon as we sailed, we had wind and rain enough without, and a violent storm in the ship. Mr. *Griffith*, of *Caernarvonshire*, a clumsy, hard-faced man, saluted us with a volley of ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy; but God stopped his mouth, and he was confounded.

Thursday 30, We wrought our way four leagues towards *Ireland*, but we were driven back in the afternoon to the mouth of the harbour. The wind then shifted two points, and we ventured out again; by midnight we were got half-way over; but the wind turning full against us, and blowing hard, soon brought



us back into the Bay again. Mr. *Wesley* preached that evening on the history of Dives and Lazarus, to a room full of men decked with gold and silver; but they were soon satisfied with it, and went away murmuring. After they were gone, we had a comfortable meeting with a few plain Welchmen.

Saturday 31, We were determined to wait one week longer, if the wind did not serve before. Mr. *Wesley* preached in the evening. Captain *Griffith*, with his dear Gentlemen, made noise enough; but our God delivered us.

April 1, We returned to Mr. *Holiday's*, called at *William Pritchard's*, then went to *Llanerell Ymadd*; but the sons of Belial would not suffer us to enter the place.

Thursday 5, Mr. *Wesley* preached near the town, to a few precious souls, who heard and obeyed the word.

Friday 6, The wind came fair, so we rode to *Holy-Head* early in the morning, embarked with a fair wind, and in the evening landed at *Dublin*. I spent a few days in that city, and I hope not in vain. I then visited *Portarlinton*, *Edinderry*, *Mountmellick*, *Tyrrelspass*, *Athlone*, *Birr*, and *Aghrim*, and found the Lord was with me in every place. I had great crosses, but greater comforts. I then rode to *Dublin*, and spent a few days there with much satisfaction.

July 22, I embarked with Mr. *Wesley* for *England*. We sailed about ten in the morning, and in the afternoon came to an anchor.

Monday 23, We had a vehement squall of wind, thunder, and lightning between the *Welsh Sands*, and the rocky shore of *Lundy*. We cried to the Lord in our trouble, and he delivered us out of our distress.

Tuesday 24, The wind was contrary. It blew a storm. The seas ran mountain-high. We were tossed in a narrow Channel, full of shoals, rocks, and sands. We prayed for help; our God heard, and brought us safe to *Pill*.

The next day I came to *Bristol*, where I spent a few days with pleasure, and then set out for *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. I visited the Societies in my way, and they refreshed me in the love of Jesus.

I spent a few weeks at, and about *Newcastle*. My dear friends were glad to see me. We rejoiced together. I then set out for *Whitehaven*, where I had a good season. The Lord crowned my weak labours with success. About the latter end of the year I left *Whitehaven*, rode to *Cockermouth*, then to *Penrith*, and the next day came to *Hindley-Hill*. I took a fever in my journey, but rode on to *Newlands*, where I took my bed. My dear wife met me with joy, and grief. She soon caught the disorder, and we continued sick for many weeks.

We lodged with Mr. *George Hunter*, a friendly man. God richly provided all things for us. He blessed us in our sickness, and restored us to health. Praised be his dear name for ever!

In the Spring, 1751, I set out for *Bristol*. I met with honest *John Nelson* at *Leeds*. We rode on together with some other preachers. We spoke freely to all that Providence put in our way, and God blessed our labours. We rode through heavy rains, and rapid floods; but the Lord preserved both man and beast, and brought us to our journey's end in peace.

Monday, March 11, Our Conference began at *Bristol*. The more we conversed, the more our love increased to God and one another. We kept to our first Doctrines, and were of one heart and one mind.

I then returned to *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, visiting the brethren in my way. I preached every evening at seven, and every morning at five o'clock, and often at noon-day; the common work of a Methodist Preacher!

Monday, April 22, I set out with Mr. *Wesley* for *Scotland*. We rode to *Athwick*. Our friends received us with joy. We praised God together.

Wednesday 23, We rode to *Berwick*. Mr. *Wesley* preached at a young man's funeral who had been out



off suddenly. It was a solemn time. Many heard for eternity.

Thursday 21, We rode to *Old Camus*, through a Scotch mist. We rode past *Preston Field*, saw the place of battle, and Colonel *Gardiner's* house. Here that good man, and brave soldier, fought and died for his King and Country. We then rode on to *Musselborough*, where Mr. *Wesley* preached in a large school, to a company of wise men, so called.

Friday 26th, We rode back to *Berwick*. I left Mr. *Wesley*, and the week following returned to *Musselborough*, where I spent a few days. I preached night and morning to a large congregation, who heard with great attention. This was the beginning of a good work in *Scotland*. Some years after, I preached at *Edinburgh*, *Dunbar*, *Leith*, *Dundee*, and *Aberdeen*. God blessed his word, and raised up witnesses to testify that he had sent us to the *North Britons* also.

In 1752, I set out with my wife for *Whitehaven*, where I spent a few days with pleasure and profit to myself and others. We then embarked for *Ireland*, and after a tedious voyage landed at *Dublin*. I spent a few weeks in that city, and then rode to *Cork*, where I spent the winter with joy, and sorrow. We had warm work in that city for a long time; but the word of the Lord prevailed, and silenced the Enemy.

In the spring I returned to *Dublin*, and met my wife and friends, who had just escaped the fire of a very hot persecution. This year I had many blessings and crosses, both by sea and land.

I'll praise my God with every breath,

O! let me die to see thy day!

Now snatch me from this life of death,

O! come my Saviour, come away!

In the year 1753, I left *Dublin* and embarked for *England*. We landed at *Whitehaven*. I first visited the

Dales, then rode to *Newcastle*, and the Lord was with us of a truth.

In the year 1754, I embarked at *North Shields* for *London*. May 22, our Conference began. It was a time of love.

In June I embarked for *Newcastle*. I had a quick and pleasant passage. I preached to the ship's company, who heard the word with joy. I landed at *Shields*, and then came to the *Orphan-House*, in *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, where we praised God and the Lamb, with one heart and voice, for mercies we had received.

May 9, 1755, Our Conference began at *Leeds*. The first question was, Whether we ought to separate from the *Church of England*? After many deep and serious conversations, we concluded that it was not *expedient* for many reasons.

I then set out again for *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. As I was passing through *Chapel-Town*, I got a dreadful fall from my horse. My foot was much hurt, but all my bones were preserved. Glory be to God and the Lamb! I rode with much pain to *Newcastle*, but enjoyed great peace and a calm resignation to the divine will. This I believe was a gracious dispensation, and was sent to humble me, and prepare me for a greater trial.

August 15, My dear wife took a fever. She had great pain, and heavy affliction for about ten days, together with many violent temptations. But she enjoyed perfect peace, and was fully resigned to the will of her heavenly Father. At last she triumphed over death, and without a doubt, a sigh, or a groan, breathed out her happy soul into the arms of her adorable Redeemer!

On the 28th, Mr. *Massiot* preached her funeral sermon to a very large congregation of true mourners. The same evening she was interred, amongst her ancestors, in *Ryton church*. She was an agreeable, affectionate wife, a constant friend, and a pious, hum-



ble christian: She is now in paradise, and I am left to mourn.

O may our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find  
Where all our labours end;  
Where all our grief is o'er,  
Our sufferings and our pain:  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.

In July, 1756, I set out for *Bristol*. Our Conference began August 26th. It was a good season.

September 15, I once more embarked for *Ireland*, with Mr. *Murtin*, *Olivers*, *Gilbert*, and *Massiot*: on the 19th we were within sight of land, and being well satisfied with a tedious and dangerous passage, we left the ship, and got into a fishing-boat, and after rowing very hard for some hours, landed at *Robertson's Cove*, about twenty miles from *Cork*. We were poor strangers now in a strange land, among a people of a strange language! There was not one Inn, or private house in the little village, that could give us a night's lodging. It was a gloomy time. The day was gone, and we stood looking one at another like a company of poor prisoners. In these circumstances God sent us an honest farmer, who was a papist, and he took us home to his house in the country, and shewed us great kindness. We lodged that night in the midst of our enemies: but the Lord suffered no man to hurt us. The next morning our kind host provided us horses, and sent a servant to conduct us safe to *Cork*.

Here we met with a kind reception. Our friends rejoiced with us, and praised God for all our deliverances. I lodged with old Mr. *Massiot*, who kept a house too well provided for pilgrims. I spent a few days in that city, preached night and morning, and visited the brethren from house to house. I hope good was done.

I then set out for *Dublin*, where I spent my winter with pleasure and profit.

The spring following I returned to *Cork*, where I spent about two months. I found much satisfaction, but not without temptations. I met with reproaches, and many cruel mockings, but found that spirit resting upon me, which gave me victory over reproach and shame.

I then rode to *Limerick*, where I spent a few weeks. I met with some severe trials in that city; but God delivered me. I then set out for *Dublin*. I found my body and mind very weak, yet not without many kind visits from my dear Lord.

In Autumn I took a sore fever. Doctor *Rutty*, that venerable and wise Physician, attended me faithfully, without fee or reward. He thought my labours under the sun were ended. I bade farewell to the world. I was kept in perfect peace, patient and resigned to the will of my heavenly Father. I had comfortable and clear views of *paradise*, and a world of happy spirits. When to all appearance I was just on the brink of eternity, I fell into a sweet rest, and dreamed I was dead, and saw all things prepared for my funeral, and that my spirit was with Christ, in a state of unspeakable happiness; but was sent back again to call a few more sinners to repentance.

I then awoke, my fever was gone, and from that moment I began to recover. My strength of body soon returned, and the Lord sent me forth with a fresh commission.

I laboured in *Ireland*, till July 1758, and then embarked for *England*, with Mr. *Johason*, *Greenwood* and *Gilbert*. We had a fine gale, and soon landed at *Parkgate*. I then rode to *Bristol*. Our Conference began Aug. 10. It was a good season. God crowned our meeting with love and unanimity.

The latter end of September I arrived once more at the *Orphan-House* without *Pilgrim-Street-Gate*, *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. My good old friends were glad to see me, and received me as one raised from the dead.



In the latter end of of this year I had some thoughts of changing my life again. I prayed for divine direction, and took the advice of some of my dear friends. One who loved me, and wished me well, recommended to me an agreeable person of a fair character, and on April 17, 1759, we were married at *St. Andrew's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. God made his face to shine upon us and blessed us, and amply rewarded me for all my days of mourning. He doubly restored to me all spiritual and temporal blessings. This was a day of prosperity, therefore I thought it a day of great danger.

I was now favoured with an agreeable, loving companion, a good house, a pleasant situation, and all things to make life easy and comfortable. I must confess I found a desire to settle, but not to leave my dear Master's work. I began a little business, and had now a fair opportunity to step into the world: but my dear Lord would not suffer me. He shewed me that his good work would bring me far more gain in the end, than all the shops in *Newcastle*. So I set out for the North, and preached at *Placey, Morpeth, Alnwick, Berwick, Dundee, Musselborough, Leith, New and Old Aberdeen, and Peterhead*, and then returned to *Newcastle* the same way.

I then set out for the *London* Conference, visited *Canterbury* and *Dover*, returned to *London*, and then rode back to *Newcastle*. In all those journies I found the Lord was with me, and gave his word success.

In the year 1760, I again visited *Scotland*. The work of the Lord prospered in our hands. Sinners were converted, mourners comforted, and saints built up in their most holy faith. We had now a fair prospect of a great harvest in *North-Britain*, till men of corrupt minds stirred up the spirit of vain controversy; we then spent our time and strength about the meaning of words, instead of promoting the fear and love of God. My soul was troubled, and my spirit grieved within me, to see so many precious souls turned out of the way of holiness.

and happiness, by noisy disputes, and foolish jangling. These men will blush in the last day who have done this great evil. Let me live with men of peace, who love God and the brethren, and enjoy the life of religion in their own souls.

April 28, 1761, Mr. *Wesley* came to *Edinburgh*, and the Lord gave his word success. Sinners heard with attention, and the saints rejoiced in God their Saviour.

I visited *Dundee*, and *Aberdeen*, returned to *Edinburgh*, and from thence to *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, where God blessed his own word. I then set out with Mr. *Wesley* and several of the brethren for *Durham*. Mr. *Wesley* preached in a green field, by the river side, to a very large auditory. One poor man was favoured with a stone, and lost a little blood; but in the general they behaved tolerably well. I preached in the evening, in the same field, to a large congregation. A gentleman, so called, employed a base man to strip himself naked, and swim through the river to disturb the hearers; but a good woman soon hissed him off the stage, so he was glad to return by the way he came, with much disgrace. Mr. *John Greenwood*, informed me afterwards, that the very gentleman who encouraged the poor wretch above mentioned, was sometime after found drowned in the same river! O God, thy judgments are unsearchable, and thy ways past finding out!

In August I left *Newcastle*, and set out with my wife for *London*. It was a disagreeable journey, but God blessed and preserved us from all evil. Sept. 1, Our Conference began. Thence we set out for *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, where I spent my winter!

The latter end of July 1762, we left *Newcastle*, and set out for *Leeds*. Aug. 9, our Conference began. I was stationed in that Circuit. In July 1763, I set out for *London*. Our Conference began and ended in love. I then set out for *Scotland*. I spent my winter in *Edin-*



burgh, Dunbar, and Berwick. We lived in a little, dark room at *Edinburgh*, encompassed round with old, black walls, disagreeable enough: but we had a good season, many poor sinners were converted to God. We saw the fruit of our labours and rejoiced. My dear *Edinburgh* friends were very kind, especially Lady *Gardener*, that good old saint, who is now with Jesus in paradise. Praise God for all his mercies!

In the year 1764, I continued labouring in *Scotland*. On June 1, I set out with Mr. *Wesley* and my wife for *Aberdeen*. We had a pleasant and profitable journey. This summer we laid the foundation of our Octagon at *Aberdeen*. The Lord gave me success. Many precious souls were awakened, and added to the general assembly and Church of the First-born, which are enrolled in heaven.

Nov. 13, We set out for *Edinburgh*, and rode to *Dundee*. The 15th, we rode to *Kinghorn*, and the next morning crossed the *Firth*, and took the Stage to *Edinburgh*. Our friends received us with joy, and we praised God together.

In the year 1765, we laid the foundation of our Octagon, at *Edinburgh*. I met with much opposition, and many discouragements, but the Lord was on my side, and helped me. I collected all I could, gave all I could spare, and borrowed above three hundred pounds to carry on and complete that building.

I preached on the Foundation one Sabbath-day, to a large congregation. The power of the Lord was present to heal, and many rejoiced to see that day. I preached every Lord's day on the *Calton Hill*, a large Golgotha! a place of a Scull! By preaching so often in the cold air to very large auditories, with other difficulties and hard labours, I laid the foundation of a very dangerous disorder in my bowels, which baffled all the skill of Physicians, and the virtue of medicine, for more than three years. But I could say,

Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
 If heaven will recompense our pains :  
 Perish the grass and fade the flower,  
 Since firm the word of God remains.

In July I set out for *England*. I spent a few days at *Newcastle upon Tyne*, and then rode to *Manchester*. Our Conference began the 20th of August, and ended the 23d. God refreshed us. I visited the brethren, and then set out for the North.

In October, Mr. *Alexander Coats* died at the *Orphan-House*, in perfect peace. I saw him fall asleep in the arms of our adorable Saviour without a doubt. Fare-wel my brother for a season ! but we shall meet again to part no more.

In the year 1766, I laboured in *Newcastle Circuit*, but was very much indisposed. I was just worn out. My bodily strength failed, I was on the verge of eternity. But blessed be God, I enjoyed great tranquillity of mind, and very good spirits.

Accepting my pain,  
 I no longer complain,  
 But wait till at last I the haven obtain :

Till the storms are all o'er,  
 And afflicted no more,  
 On a plank of the ship I escape to the shore.

Feb. 20, That old saint, *Henry Jackson*, died full of love, being ninety-nine years and five months old. Let me die his death !

Aug. 12, Our Conference began at *Leeds*. We enjoyed a solemn sense of the presence of God. We met, and parted in love. I then rode to *Newcastle*, and spent a few months in that Circuit. My disorder continued, but I could say, "When I am weak, then I am strong."

In July 1767, I set out for *London*. God was with me, and gave me a will and power to preach his word.



Aug. 18, our Conference began. Dear Mr. *Whitefield* and honest *Howell Harris* attended. All was love; all was harmony: it was a *Pentecost* indeed!

In the beginning of Sept. 1768, I left *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, and set out with my wife for *Birstal* in *Yorkshire*. The Lord brought us to our journey's end in peace. We met with a hearty welcome. Our friends rejoiced with us, and we praised God together.

On Tuesday, Aug. 1, 1769, Our Conference began at *Leeds*. The Spirit of God rested upon us, and made us of one mind and judgment.

In the latter end of July, 1770, I rode to *London*. Our Conference began August the 7th. The Lord presided over us, and made it a time of love. I then set out for *Birstal*, where I had laboured two years with great satisfaction, and I hope with some success.

August 26, I took my leave of my dear *Birstal* friends, and rode with my wife to *Bradforth* in *Yorkshire*. We met with a loving reception. I laboured this year with much comfort. I hope good was done.

In the year 1771, the Calvinists proclaimed open war against the Remonstrants. In August, several of them met at our Conference in *Bristol*, but their strength failed. They could do nothing. For truth is great, and will prevail.

The two following years I laboured in *Newcastle Circuit*, among my dear friends and countrymen, whom I love for the Truth's sake. Great things hath the Lord done in that part of his vineyard.

In the year 1774, I was appointed at the *Bristol Conference* for *Liverpool Circuit*. I took my leave of my dear *Newcastle* friends with much reluctance, and set out with my wife for *Lancashire*. Sept. 26, we reached *Bolton* in the *Moors*, where we met with a friendly reception. We lodged with honest *George Eskrik*. The presence of the Lord dwelt with us, and we enjoyed great peace.

In the year 1775, I removed to *Liverpool*, where I spent a few months with pleasure, and profit: I found

much love both to the place and people. They bore with my bodily weakness, and refreshed me in the Lord.

In July 1776, I left *Bolton*, and set out for *London*. Our Conference began the first Tuesday in August. The shout of a King was in the midst of us, and we praised God together for all that he had done. I spent a few days in that great city; preached the Word, visited a few dear Christian Friends, and then set out for *Manchester*.

November 7, I set out once more for *Ireland*. The 8th, I reached *Conway*; the 9th, *Holy Head*; the 10th, I embarked, and after a dangerous passage, landed that evening in *Dublin*. I preached every evening at *Wood-street*, to a large auditory. God blessed his word, and gave me success. I visited a few poor Backsliders, who were glad to see the face of an old Friend. May God restore them for Christ's sake! Monday the 24th, I embarked for *England*.—25th, landed at the *Head*, and took the Stage to *Conway*.—26th, I came to *Chester*, and the 28th to *Manchester*; where my Wife and Friends received me with great joy. We praised God for trials and blessings.

In the latter end of July, 1777, I set out for *Bristol*. I visited the principal Societies in my way, and God gave me strength of body and peace of mind. Our Conference began the first Tuesday in August. We had a good season. Love to God and man crowned our meeting. I then rode to *Manchester*, and spent a few days with my old Friends. I published the Word of Salvation in *Salford*, on the Sabbath-day, to a large congregation. Some of our mistaken Churchmen presented the Fire-Engine; but their strength failed: they could do nothing. This vain attempt seemed to be the last effort of a conquered Enemy. I then set out for *Bradforth* in *Yorkshire*, where I spent an agreeable year with Mr. Benson, and my dear Friends. I hope our weak labours were made a blessing to many.



In the year 1778, our Conference began at *Leeds*, the first Tuesday in August. I was stationed another year, with Mr. *Murlin* and *Johnson*, in *Bradforth* Circuit. We laboured together in love. God was with us, and gave us success.

In the year 1779, I was appointed at our *London* Conference, for *Coln* Circuit in *Lancashire*.

August 25, I took my leave of our dear friends at *Bradforth*, and set out with my wife for *Colne*. I met with many agreeable, and some disagreeable things. The grand Enemy had wounded many, who, I hope, are now healed again. We had a severe winter, many crosses and trials, and many blessings. The Lord owned our weak labours, and gave us a little success. The last time I visited the Classes in this Circuit, we added thirty-eight to our number, and twenty-three to the Church of the living God, who had found remission of sins through the Blood of our adorable Saviour. Nine died in peace, and are now with the spirits of just men made perfect, in the paradise of God.

I can say but little about the controversy between the *Calvinian* Brethren and the *Arminians*. I believe Christ tasted death for every man, but I do not love contention: I am no disputant; I therefore leave polemical Divinity to men of learning, abilities, and experience. I can only say, I have been greatly humbled for my sin. I know in whom I have believed. I know God is Love. I know it by experience. He hath loved me, and given his Son for me. I have peace with God, through Faith in the Blood of Christ. I am at peace with all the saints, with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. I desire to follow after peace with all men. I hate sin, and by the grace of God I overcome it. I love holiness, the whole mind that was in Christ, and I pursue it. By all means I follow on, if I may apprehend That, for which I was also apprehended of Christ Jesus. I aim at, wish, and pray for all that grace, glory and immortality promised by the Father, and procured by the Son of his

Love. This I call Bible-Religion, genuine Christianity, and this Religion I call mine.

This I desire to recommend to all men, by preaching his Word in the pulpit, in the house, and in the way; in season and out of season, according to my ability.

Without this Religion, all names, notions, and forms, among all Sects and Parties, are but mere parade and idle shew. Without Repentance, without Faith in the Blood of Christ, without holiness of heart and life, without love to God and man, all is nothing. Let all men consider this well, and pray for, and seek after this one thing needful, that they may be saved from sin in this life, and from hell in the great day of the Lord Jesus!

January 5, 1780, I preached at *Colne* on old Christmas day, my birth day. What is Time?—"Dream of a Dream, and Shadow of a Shade."—Lord help me to embrace the present moment.—23, I met with a perfect hurricane at *Bacup*; I was shut up with mountains of snow with a poor old woman, till the 27th, with little fire and small provisions; but God was with us. The same day, I set out with *James Dawson* and *John Earnshaw*, over the hills to *Colne*; well in body, and in perfect peace of mind, Glory! Amen!

April 2, I rode from *Preston* to *Bolton*, to meet Mr. *Wesley*. We had a good season: the Lord was with us of a truth, and great was our joy.

July 16, I set out for *Bristol*, visited the Societies in my way, preached the Word, and was refreshed. Praise the Lord!

Our Conference began on Tuesday Aug. 1, and concluded the 9th. Our Brethren made me President in Mr. *Wesley's* absence. A poor helpless Worm! Superintendant! President!—Great words! I doubt we have not Grace to bear them. I visited the Brethren in my return: I hope good was done; great was my joy.

This year I had my comforts with the Cross. I trust



some good was done ; I left the circuit in peace. God was glorified.

August 2, 1781, I left *Colne* and set out for *Leeds*, where I was stationed this year with Mr. Mather and Mr. Benson ; I am not without fear ! God give us success !

October 3, I set out from *Leeds* to *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, and met my dear Friends with joy. This journey I trust, was a blessing to many, and to my own Soul.

January 1, 1782, we renewed our Covenant, and God confirmed it ; his Power was present to heal. I preached on Isa. 55, 3.—The Lamb-Jehovah was with us, therefore we did rejoice.

Our Conference was at *London* this year. I did not attend. I had a kind invitation to the Metropolis, but I preferred a country Circuit. A minute was made this Conference concerning the settlement of *Birstall* House ; which I believe was not of God. This one evil step, brought on many evils which are not removed to this day ; witness *Dewsbury* and *North Shields* ;—alas ! alas ! What is Man !

August 20, I left *Leeds* and set out for *Birstall* ; 22, I preached before the old House, from Rev. 21. 6, where I had preached 35 years ago, before there was any Preaching House erected to contend for ! God give us humility, and deliver us from the Spirit of the World !

December 23, at *Hanging Heaton*, I preached Sister Wilson's funeral Sermon. I preached her husbands 14 years before, and his daughters 13 months after ; they all died in the Lord, and left a good Testimony behind them.

July 10, 1783, we had Thunder and Lightening, one tremendous clap after another, from ten o'clock till one in the morning, as if the Heavens and Earth had been in one flame. Who shall stand in the last great Day, when Worlds on Worlds shall pass away and be no more !

August 26, my Wife and Nancy, set out in the midst of Thunder and Lightening for *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. The Lord saved them and brought them to their jour-

ney's end, in peace and safety. Praise the Lord!—27, I followed them, and reached *Newcastle* the 29th. This year I had many Blessings among my old Friends and Countrymen, in the land of my Nativity.

January 1, 1784, in the evening we renewed our Covenant, and began the new Year with great joy and humility. I set out for *Rothbury* and *Alnwick*, but was shut up at *Saugh-house* with a violent storm of snow. All the roads were filled, no Post could travel; therefore my dear Wife could have no tidings; all was dark. But my Lord provided a good Harbour for me; I had a good House and a loving Friend, I had every thing needful for Man and Horse. God is good!—24, I set out with a Friend for *Morpeth*.—25, Came safe and well to *Newcastle*. My dear wife and Friends received me as one alive from the Dead. Praise the Lord, O my Soul!

July 26, our Conference began with some Contention. We had war for many days on account of the Deed of Declaration. Alas! for this. Dear Mr. *Fletcher*, by Prayer and his great Humility, gained his point at last. August 2, the War ended, and we had peace. Praise God and the Lamb for ever.

August 13, I reached *Bolton*, met with a kind reception, and preached that evening. For some time I met with a Cross, but through faith in the blood of the Lamb I overcame it.

January 1, 1785, we met and renewed our Covenant. This year the work of the Lord prospered, many Souls were added to the Church, and Satan's kingdom fell; great was our rejoicing in the Lord.—July 12, I set out for *London*, visited *Stockport*, *Buxton*, *Derby*, &c. &c.—20, by the hand of a kind unerring Providence, came to *London* in good spirits. Bless God! We had great unity and peace.—Aug. 3, our Conference concluded; Mr. *Parson*, Mr. *Hanby* and *J. Taylor*, were ordained and sent to Scotland. This was a new thing. I was the first Methodist Preacher that visited *North Britain*. The Gospel was then well received, and good was done.—5, I left *London*, visited the Brethren,



preached the word, and the 10th came to *Bolton* in peace.

January 1, 1786, we renewed our Covenant, and God renewed our strength. Many were filled with love, peace and power.

July 12, I left *Bolton* and set out for *Bristol*.—21, I preached from Matt. 10, 7. before the Conference. My great Master was with me: I found liberty to preach the Kingdom.—The Conference began on the 25th, and concluded Aug. 9. I was first appointed for *Manchester*, but through the influence of some mistaken Brethren, I was sent to *Liverpool*. My friends gained nothing by this change, but I gained much. The Lord is wiser than Man. I left *Bristol* Aug. 2, and on the 9th reached *Bolton*. I preached the word at several places by the way, and the power of the Lord was present to heal.

Aug. 14, I set out for *Liverpool*.—I had a good time in this circuit; my friends were very kind, and the Lord blessed the word, and gave me success. Bless the Lamb-Jehovah for ever.—30, Mr. Lee, who succeeded me at *Bolton*, died in peace, and entered into his rest.

October 3, I preached his Funeral Sermon, on 1 Cor. 15, 56, to a large Congregation; it was a solemn time indeed. I knew the man well, and his conversation. I laboured with him in several circuits in *England* and *Scotland*. He was a good Preacher, and a pious Man. Our Conference began the last Tuesday in July. We had great peace and unity, and our love abounded to God, and all mankind.

August 8, 1787, I returned to *Bolton* again. Some few began to think I came too often round, and were not well pleased; but my precious Lord and Saviour, owned his poor Servant more and more; stopped every mouth, and made many hearts rejoice. Hallelujah.

January 5, 1788, (old Christmas day,) I entered into the 66th year of my age. A moment, a moment!

January 1, 1790, I preached from 2 Cor. 9. 15. He is all in Heaven and on Earth.

Our Conference began this year at *Bristol*, July 26, and concluded Aug. 4; I did not attend. I have now preached and travelled over *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, about 47 years; yet I merit nothing; I am saved through faith in the blood of the Lamb. To the precious Lamb-Jehovah, be all the glory! It now appears to me, I shall keep a regular circuit no longer, but go where my good Lord and Master directs. Lord give peace and success. I spent the remaining part of this year in *Liverpool*, *Colne*, *Burnley*, *Paddiham*, *Blackburn*, and *Preston*. I hope I may say with humility, good was done, and I found a blessing as a present reward. Praise! Praise! Amen!

The Rev. Mr. *John Wesley*, died March 2, 1791; aged 88. This great man is now gone to receive his reward, and his works will follow him; though he be dead, he yet speaketh. He was a singular character. March 30, I preached his Funeral Sermon on John 19. 30. IT IS FINISHED. When I began to sing, a remarkable incident happened:—A plain, simple man heard something crack, and immediately cried out, “the Gallery is coming down.” This awful cry struck the whole Congregation with a panic, all was in confusion. The people came down stairs one over another; some came over the Gallery, others through the Windows; but the commotion was soon over, all was still as night, and I began and finished my Sermon with quietness. It was a good season, there were many melting hearts. Hallelujah!

This year I visited our friends in *Yorkshire*; and I have reason to believe the Lord was with me, and good was done. Our Conference began at *Manchester*, July 27, and ended August 8; above 200 Preachers attended. Our new mode of Government was settled with great unanimity. For such a body of men to agree in one, we must say, is the LORD’s doings, and marvellous in our eyes.

January 1, 1792, February, March, and April, I laboured at and near *Bolton*: the rest of the year I made



little excursions to the neighbouring circuits. I met with some trials, but many comforts. I found tranquillity; the good word was blessed, the Churches edified, and God our Saviour glorified. Praise!

January 1, 1793, In the spring I left *Bolton*, and visited *Yorkshire* and other places. The hand of the Lord was with me, and his Power was made manifest. Sinners were apprized of their danger, and Saints built up in their most holy faith. Glory! Amen!

January 1, 1794, I can now do but little, I grow feeble, but the *Lord Jehovah* is my strength, my glorious *Fort-Royal*, and my *Portion*. Thou art my *all*, my *Theme*, my *Inspiration*, and my *Crown*! Keep me and save me to the end. Amen.

January 1, 1795, I am spared and able to do a little, I have still one mite to cast into his Treasury. He has made me a wonder to myself. I have now been about 52 years in my good Lord's service; he has kept me by his mighty power, and I trust in his infinite mercy, he will keep me to the end. I have seen wonders night and day, by land and sea. Jesus is my foundation, way, and end. I have now entered into the 73d year of my age. O what a Dwarf! I know little; I have done little; I have suffered little. Lord forgive my sins, my virtues too, through blood Divine.

January 1, 1796, through infinite mercy I am still spared to do a little for my dear Lord and Master. I visited *Yorkshire* this year, and made many other excursions. I saw the unerring hand of a kind Providence, in all my ways. Praise! Praise! Amen.

January 1, 1797, through mercy I am still preaching; my heart is still in his Work. My soul thirsts for the prosperity of Sion. O may our God hasten the accomplishment of his great and precious promises, and the glory of the latter days!

July 27, I attended our Conference at *Leeds*, and at the desire of my Brethren preached. I hope the word did not fall to the ground. This year has been a year of many mercies.

January 1, 1798, my God is *good*, my God is *love*, my God is *all*, and all things to *me*, to *me* a *worm*, *nothing*, *vile* and *base* ! I am lost in wonder, love and praise ! My Jesus is above all praise. Angels are silent on this subject !

January 1, 1799, we began this year with the sound of the jubilee trumpet. We had a good season, the word did run, and was glorified.

July 28, I attended the Conference at *Manchester*, preached, and rejoiced to see my Brethren ; it was a time of love. I then set out for *Liverpool* ; preached in all the Chapels to large Congregations, and I have reason to believe God did own his own word. Precious Lamb ! Precious Jehovah !

January 1, 1800, we began this year with prayer and praise. February, March, April and May, preached at and about Bolton. In August I visited *Liverpool*, preached in all their Chapels to large auditories : my Lord and Master gave me a blessing, a present reward, and I returned again to *Bolton* in peace. Praise ! Praise !

January 1, 1801, we ended the old year with Prayer, and began the new year with Praises.—29, I preached on Psal. 119. 77. " Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live." I am dead, let thy mercy come unto *me*, shew me favour and I shall live, live to thy glory here, and live with thee in glory for ever !

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Mr. Hopper continued to make some brief remarks concerning his preaching, till September 14th, from which time he wrote no more in his diary : but as there appears nothing very interesting or important I have omitted them.

The following hints respecting the close of his valuable life, I received from Mrs. Hopper, his Niece, and his faithful friend George Eskrick.



About sixteen years ago, Mr. Hopper erected a house adjoining the Chapel at Bolton-le-Moors, where from that time Mrs. Hopper and his family resided. Mr. Hopper continued his Itinerant labours in the neighbouring circuits till the Conference 1790; when, finding the infirmities of old age increasing, and being no longer capable of "doing the work of an evangelist," he desisted, and from that period his labours were principally confined to Bolton; though he generally paid an annual visit to his friends in Yorkshire, and the adjacent circuits.

Thus he continued to spend the remainder of his strength, in that blessed work, in which he had given indubitable proof, that his whole heart had been for many years engaged.

He preached very frequently in *Bolton*; and his discourses were generally such as afforded pleasure, instruction, and profit to his hearers--a divine influence was manifestly in them, and they were often accompanied with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

His last sermon, preached about a week before his confinement, from John xvi. xxxiii. "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world," was attended with a peculiar blessing to many, and it was observed that he seemed to preach with an uncommon degree of energy and power.

In the beginning of December 1801, while cutting a loaf of bread, his arm suddenly fell, and it was supposed that he had dislocated his shoulder. His pain was very excruciating, and from that time he was confined to the house, and his health gradually declined. He had also another complaint of a very painful nature, supposed to have been the effects of his incessant labours and sufferings, in the early part of his ministerial life. This, in conjunction with the violent pain in his arm and shoulder, caused him to consume away like a garment fretted by the moth, and he was for some weeks before his death reduced almost to a

skeleton. In the beginning of February he was confined to his room, and soon after to his bed. His pains and sufferings were very severe, but he bore them with invincible patience and christian fortitude. He would sometimes feelingly exclaim, "Lord Jesus, pity a poor sufferer;" but would instantly say, "It is all right—It is all right—It will soon be over—His will be done." The enemy of his soul was never permitted in the least to disturb him—nor once to approach his dwelling: So that it appeared, as he himself said to me, he had quitted the field. His old faithful friend *George Eskrick*, sat up with him every other night, and sometimes two nights together, and was a witness of his extreme sufferings, and his holy resignation to the will of his heavenly Father.

The last day or two, he lay quite composed; he spoke very little, but was frequently engaged in earnest, fervent prayer—often saying, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." He was soon answered to the full and everlasting joy of his soul: and on Friday evening March 5th 1802, about 7 o'clock, did this venerable Saint, and eminent Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, enter into his Master's joy.

He had given particular directions concerning his funeral, and agreeable to his own request, his remains were deposited in a new vault, on a spot of ground he himself had pointed out when in perfect health, in the New Church Yard in Bolton. His funeral was attended by many hundreds of his friends, and the inhabitants of the Town, and its vicinity—and his body was committed to the earth, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious and triumphant resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

From the preceeding Memoir it appears that Mr. *Hopper* was a steady follower of Christ for upwards of fifty-nine years, and a faithful Preacher of the Gospel for about fifty-seven.



I do not mean to insinuate that he was without his failings, if he had, he had ceased to be *man*; but I never heard that a single charge of immorality was ever preferred against him: throughout the whole of his christian course, he preserved an uniform conduct and character.

He was a plain man, of good understanding, of some learning, and sound judgment—deeply experienced in the wiles of Satan, and the dealings of God with the souls of men—a Scribe well instructed in the things of the kingdom—a workman who needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

His talents for the Ministry were very considerable; but he was altogether an *original*, and his *manner* and *method* were peculiar to himself. He was a *Boanerges*, a “son of thunder” to the careless sinner, whom he frequently made to tremble, while he forcibly preached the *terrors of the Lord*, and *warned him to flee from the wrath to come*. To him also the Lord had given the “tongue of the learned, and he knew well how to speak a word in season to him that was weary:” He was a “son of consolation” to the “mourners in Zion.” To these he proclaimed the Saviour of the world—the *Lamb-Jehovah* [as he used to term him] as the only foundation of their hope and confidence, for pardon, holiness and heaven. To the humble, faithful believer, he preached the *Lord that bought him*, as made of God unto him *wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption*: at the same time he “affirmed constantly, that they who had believed in God, should be careful to maintain good works.” Thus did this man of God, for upwards of half a century, *warn every man, and teach every man in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus*.

Few men that have appeared on the public Theatre of the world for so many years, have preserved a more unblemished character, conducted themselves with greater propriety, or been more justly or generally, beloved and respected.

His labours for a series of years, were very extensive and successful. He formed some of the first Societies in the North of England, visited Ireland several times, was the first Methodist Preacher who went into North Britain; and travelled through a great number of the Circuits in this kingdom, with honour to himself and profit to the people. He now rests from his labours, and his works will follow him.

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The subsequent letter was written, I believe, to the late Rev. *George Whitefield*, and as it contains a particular account of the *dying experience* of the late *Mrs. Hopper*, (see page 29) and was never before published, I thought it worthy a place in this Memoir.

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*Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Aug. 25, 1755.*

My very dear Brother,

So true is the maxim of St. Augustine, "It is impossible to lose any thing without sorrow, but what we possess without passion." We believe there are few persons free from an infinite number of these engagements, though indeed, we may be ignorant of them, 'till an actual separation discovers what they are, and when the precious soul is separated from them, it has then a sense of the privation proportionable to its union with them. All transitory things are but shadows, and the most beautiful flowers soon fade away. We commonly say afflictions are blessings in disguise, and may we not presume to say with the same propriety, that human comforts are afflictions in disguise, more especially, if they ingross any part of the heart which belongs to our heavenly Father: therefore, we ought to enjoy all things in God and for his glory, who is the centre of all perfection, the fountain of all true happiness, and the one chief good.

Must I now exhibit a Christian Tragedy? I will then tell you, my dear friend, I have been very happy for ten years, three months, and six days, with an agreeable companion, a constant friend, and a most dear, loving, affectionate wife. But now alas! alas! I look back, and behold it is a dream.

Friday, the 15th of August 1755, my dear and

most loving wife, took a violent nervous fever, at the *Hagg*, in *Darwent Water*, the place of her nativity; and on the 25th, died in perfect peace, in the glorious arms of her dear Redeemer. On the 27th, her Funeral Sermon was preached at the same place, to a large auditory, who came from every quarter, and that evening she was interred in *Ryton* church, amongst the dry bones of her dear ancestors; where her body shall sweetly rest, 'till the morning of the general resurrection. But perhaps it may be more agreeable to you still, if I give you a more particular account of God's gracious dealings with her in her sickness; more especially, in the solemn article of death. In the beginning of her illness, Satan endeavoured by his infernal insinuations, to make her give up her shield, and cast away her confidence, by suggesting, "You are built upon the sand, you have laid a wrong foundation, all you have to trust in, after 12 year's progress in the Christian Religion, are only false imaginations, a feigned castle in the air, or a mere chimera in your head, therefore you must lie down in sorrow, and be miserably disappointed in the end."

When this violent storm came upon her so near the haven, she immediately fled to the Throne of Grace, the Rock of Israel; for it was now high time to cast anchor on that sure bottom, to examine her faith, and the ground of her eternal hopes. She therefore entreated the almighty God of Jacob, to discover her real state, that she might see, and know, whether her condition was so melancholy in reality, or whether it was only a flood of temptations, or the voice of the enemy. She had no sooner supplicated the Friend of Sinners, but the cloud broke, and the glorious Son of righteousness began to shine, the old subtle tempter fled, and God filled her with joy, and peace in believing.

After she had spoken a few words to me concerning some temporal affairs, she gave up this world, her dear friends and relations, and the dearest part of



herself cheerfully. She patiently endured all her afflictions, and drank the bitter cup without complaining, nay, not so much as desiring the least abatement of her pain, or mitigation of her trouble. Her only request was for patience and resignation to bear and suffer all her heavenly Father's will. She expressed her firm trust and confidence in the Lord several times, without fear or doubt, as her *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification* and *redemption*, as long as she could speak, and after that useful organ was silent, she manifested her inward joy, and the peace she felt by her patience and heavenly looks. During this time I prayed with her twice, and was enabled in confidence, to commit her body to the earth from whence it came, and her precious soul to the dear redeemer, who bought it with his most precious blood. Near the time of her happy departure, I took her in my arms, and said, farewell! farewell! farewell! my dear wife and most loving companion! The Lord receive thy spirit! When death, that long-desired, and long-expected friend, was executing his last office, and drawing the last pin of the poor earthly tabernacle, she looked up and gave me a parting smile, and then calmly and sweetly fell asleep in the arms of Christ without a struggle, sigh, or groan.

Now my dear friend, what shall I say? I soon shall close my weary eyes in peace, and stretch composed upon my dusty bed. Oh! death, thy quiet and refreshing shade shall yield a long, an unmolested rest, from all our fruitless toil and vanity below the sun. May we love the dear Redeemer, and may we live in him and die in him, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate Brother and afflicted Friend,

C. H.

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*Mr. Whitefield's Answer.*

Manchester, Aug. 29, 1755.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

This day at noon I heard and felt your mournful, joyful account of the triumphant departure of your

dear, dear yokefellow. Surely thought I, affliction makes one eloquent. Surely thought I, I love and sympathize with the dear afflicted writer from the very bottom of my heart. This hath constrained me to pray for you, and being just come from my God, the same love constrains me to write you these few lines. Courage, my dear man, Courage! Wish her not down: yonder she is, encircled in the arms of our Jesus! We shall go to Her, but She will not return to us. Oh for patience to wait! I am sick of this world, I am sick of time, I am sick of all poor transitory things. I long, I long to be in a happy eternity. Oh that we may be found doing our Master's will, and humbly waiting at His bleeding feet! Indeed I feel, I feel I love you, and could now freely weep over you. Oh to sit loose to all created objects! alas! alas! How soon may our Isaac's be called for, and our beloved friends cut off with a stroke? what should we do, had we not an unchangeable Jesus to go to? Into His dear and everlasting arms I most humbly commit you; my heart is full, I could write much, but am called away. Adieu! the Lord be with you and yours, and all! We have had golden seasons abroad, and sweet invitations at home. Help me to cry grace! grace! and accept of this as a token of unfeigned, sympathizing love, from yours most affectionately, in our common Lord,

G. W.

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*From the Rev. John Wesley, on the same subject.*

St. Ives, September 12th. 1755.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and wise are all his ways! The great point is, to understand the design of His gracious wisdom, and to answer and fulfill that design. One thing is certain, he calls you to a more full and absolute dedication of your soul and body to Him. He calls you to converse with Him more in prayer and meditation. In the former we more directly speak to God: In the latter, He speaks to us.



And every possible loss is gain if it produces this blessed effect.

Consider yourself as now more than ever married to Christ and his dear people, then even for this kindly-severe dispensation, you shall praise him for ever.

I am your affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. W.

—•••••—  
*From the same to the same*

Bristol, October 8th, 1755.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

There is something of an openness and frankness in your temper which I love. But that very same temper will sometimes expose you to inconveniences, unless you always have an eye to God, that he may give you steadiness and resolution.—O keep your heart with all diligence, and do not take *one step*—without *first* consulting your best Friends. You have one business on earth, *to save souls*. Give yourself wholly to this. Fulfill the work of a Preacher, and of an Assistant, as you never did before. Be another *Thomas Walsh*: Pursue the whole of Scriptural Christianity. Stand upon the edge of this world, ready to take wing: having your feet on earth, your eyes and heart in *Heaven*.

I am your affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. W.



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THE

# METHODIST MEMORIAL,

WITH AN

## APPENDIX;

CONTAINING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF

### RELIGION

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES,

A CONCISE HISTORY OF METHODISM,

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRESENT PREACHERS,

AND AN

IMPARTIAL SKETCH OF THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS

OF UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY OF THOSE

### PREACHERS

WHO HAVE DIED IN EUROPE AND AMERICA,

SINCE THE YEAR 1739.

—o\*o—  
By CHARLES ATMORE.

—<<O>>—  
MAY BE HAD AT THE METHODIST CHAPELS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

N. B. Those Subscribers who have paid 8s. 6d. for the *Memorial*, may have the *Appendix* GRATIS, by applying as above.

—o\*o\*o—  
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METHODIST MEMORIAL

APPENDIX

ERRATA.

Page 3 line 24 after *will be read of*

Ibid line 28 read *alterations*

Ibid 12 line 37 for *My* read *He*